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Letter from Mary Rosa, Wellesley, Massachusetts, to her mother, 1912 June 2

Mary Rosa

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P.B. We got our first choice in rooms for next year. It is the room over the one next to this, ⁽³⁰⁸⁾ and will have the same view. Of course there are two rooms together, and much more space.

206 College Hall,
Wellesley, Massachusetts,

2 June, 1912.

Dear Mamma:

June is here at last, and another Tree Day over! I can hardly believe it. Still, the weather seems exactly like June. And Tree Day! It was every bit as wonderful as last year, if not more so — which is saying a good deal. It is hard to believe it over, and seems strange to be having Sunday; for it seems as though to-day ought to be Fourth of July, or something else special.

And now exams are upon us, though of course we don't realize it yet. I have two this week, - Wednesday and Friday afternoons, but the biggest work will be in getting my Lit. paper done, and my music note-book. I can't see my way through it at all, but suppose I will get there somehow. Next week will be plain sailing, in comparison.

I want to tell you a little more about our spree of Thursday. We planned to go quite early in the morning, but owing to rain and various other reasons, didn't get started till twelve-thirty. At that time we managed to get to-gether two boats, six girls, and a waste-

Basket full of food. We wore raincoats as well as sweaters, as it was very misty and wet, although not actually raining.

Between here and the Charles river, the outlet to Lake Wabau runs in a winding stream about four feet wide, and quite deep. Just below here it goes over a dam, so that it is swift enough to take the boat without any paddling. It made me think of riding in those scenic waterway effects at the Pan American. All we had to do was to poke the shore on each side with our paddles, to go around the corners. I got stuck several times, as the girl who was paddling with me had never done very much.

But it was easy enough to back out of the reeds and go on. When we got to the Charles proper, the first thing we did was to pull up on the shore and eat. As it was now nearly two o'clock, and we hadn't had any breakfast, you can imagine how paddling on an empty stomach made us feel. The mosquitoes were so thick that we had to walk around while we ate, but we managed to consume quite a lot just the same. Then we explored the ~~rest~~ river a little, down towards South Watick. But coming back wasn't so much fun. The current kept getting stronger, and it was all we could do to make

any headway at all. Finally, to make matters worse, it commenced to rain. So we piled out of the boats, turned them over, and got under the trees. The rain stopped ~~the~~ right away, but we decided to carry the boats the rest of the distance to the dam, which really wasn't very far. So we got home all right. We had heaps of fun, and it certainly was splendid exercise. I'm anxious to go again with only two in the boat, which would be much easier.

Thursday evening was the night for the Shakespeare Play, but it was postponed on account of the rain. Also

Friday evening.

Friday the Seniors wore caps and gowns to chapel and to classes. The other feature of the day was the applauding of the instructors. We always do it at the last class. Some of them didn't mind, and some were rather fussed.

I got back my long theme that I had such a time to get in. About Ruth and Naomi you know. Dr. Song spoke of it in class as the best piece of work in the bunch. He marked it "A", and also wrote on the outside, "Closest drama."

Not ~~too~~ actable but quite readable.
You run too much to the manner
of Arnold = excessive use of run-on
lines, paucity of figures of speech.
Recall Milton's definition of poetry, -
'simple, sensuous, and passionate.'

I feel rather squelched by that
"crit." as we call them, but Esther
insists that it is flattering. Of
course I know I can't write
poetry, but to be told to be more
sensuous, - well, that's a little out
of my line.

Friday afternoon and evening
I spent working on my final paper.
At ten o'clock went up in Nell's

room and had a lettuce sandwich, the first time I've indulged since being out of training. It's good to be able to eat something once in a while.

Yesterday morning the Sophomore class distinguished itself again. We have located the statue of the Backwoodsman which used to stand on the South Porch. The faculty won't let us bring it back, but we had a mock reinstallation. A long procession, consisting of a band, many soldiers, the class president as "Julius Rees'Em", and a

horse, the Backwoodsman in a box
on a wagon, and a company
of scrubwomen, marched from the
Barn up to College Hall at eleven
o'clock. Here the Backwoodsman
climbed out of the box and struck
the historic attitude, while Julius
Sees'm read an oration, parodied
on all the Shakespeare everybody
knows. He attracted all kinds of
attention, and had simply heaps
of fun. The afterwards made a
tour of the quadrangle. The girl
who was dressed up to represent
the Backwoodsman was a
perfect imitation.

We had to hurry back for lunch
and then dress in Tree Day costumes.
The pageant commenced about
three-thirty, but we were ready
and waiting at two. The Seniors
were in caps and gowns, the Juniors
in white, the Sophomores represented
elves, gnomes, etc. and the Freshmen
were fairies in pink, green, yellow,
and lavender. It was very pretty.
The senior mistress was Nell
Zuckerman. Perhaps you remember
seeing her on glee Club night and
asking if she was a Jewess. She
has black hair, and carried heaps

of red roses. Her dress was yellow
satin, with a long red plush train
which hung from the shoulders. It
was lovely. The Freshman mistress
and aides were in yellow. We wound
around on the green a while, and
then sat upon the hill to watch
the Senior Dancing. afterwards we
beat it over to Longfellow for the
Freshman dancing. It was all too
lovely for words.

On the ~~st~~ evening I attended
the Shakespearean play at last. It was
just as pretty as it could be. You

know I've never seen a Shakespearean Play before. The Hollow is certainly a pretty place to have it. The lighting was by three searchlights from the back. We all had joss sticks to keep away the mosquitoes.

To-day has been very warm, but a breeze is coming up now. We have Musical Vespers again to-night, I think.

Esther thanks you for the money, but wants to ask for sure, if the cards all got there in time.

Did you remember that I am expecting to go to Honeye Falls for Commencement, anyway?

With heaps of love,
Mary.